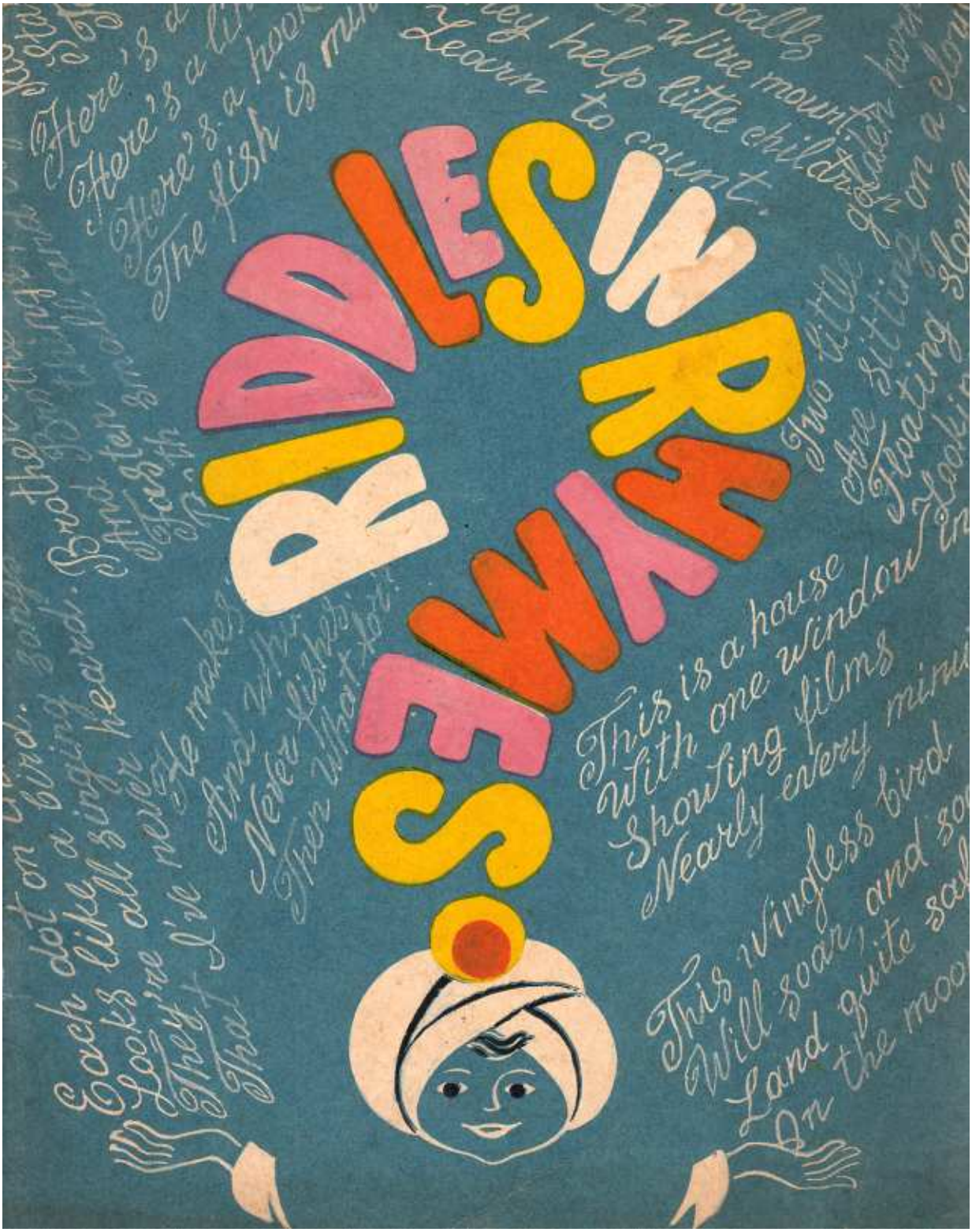
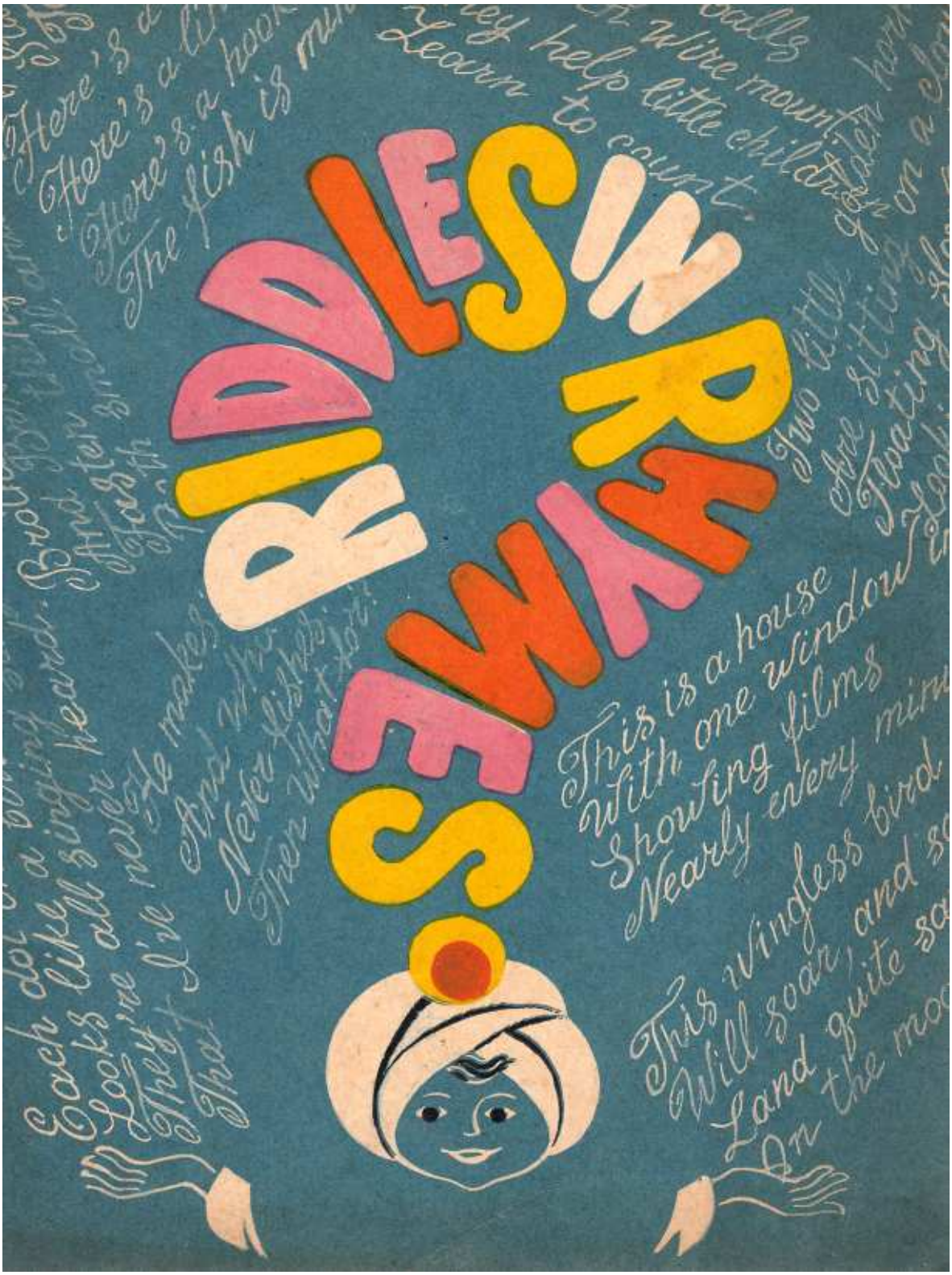

RIDDLES IN RHYMES
Learn to count.
This is a house
With one window in
Showing films
Nearly every minu
This wingless bird
Will soar, and so
Land quite sal
In the moo


RIDDLES IN RHYMES
Learn to count.
This is a house
With one window
Showing films
Nearly every
This wingless bird
Will soar, and
Land quite
On the

Dear boys and girls!

On each page of this book you will find merry riddles in rhymes and coloured pictures to these riddles. They are about things that surround you in your everyday life: at home, in school, in the street, etc. Some of the riddles are about animals, birds and insects.

Read the rhymes, look at the pictures, and guess what's what. This done, verify your choice with the answers at the end of the book.

And now — go ahead!

© Издательство «Просвещение», 1981 г.

RIDDLES *in* RHYMES

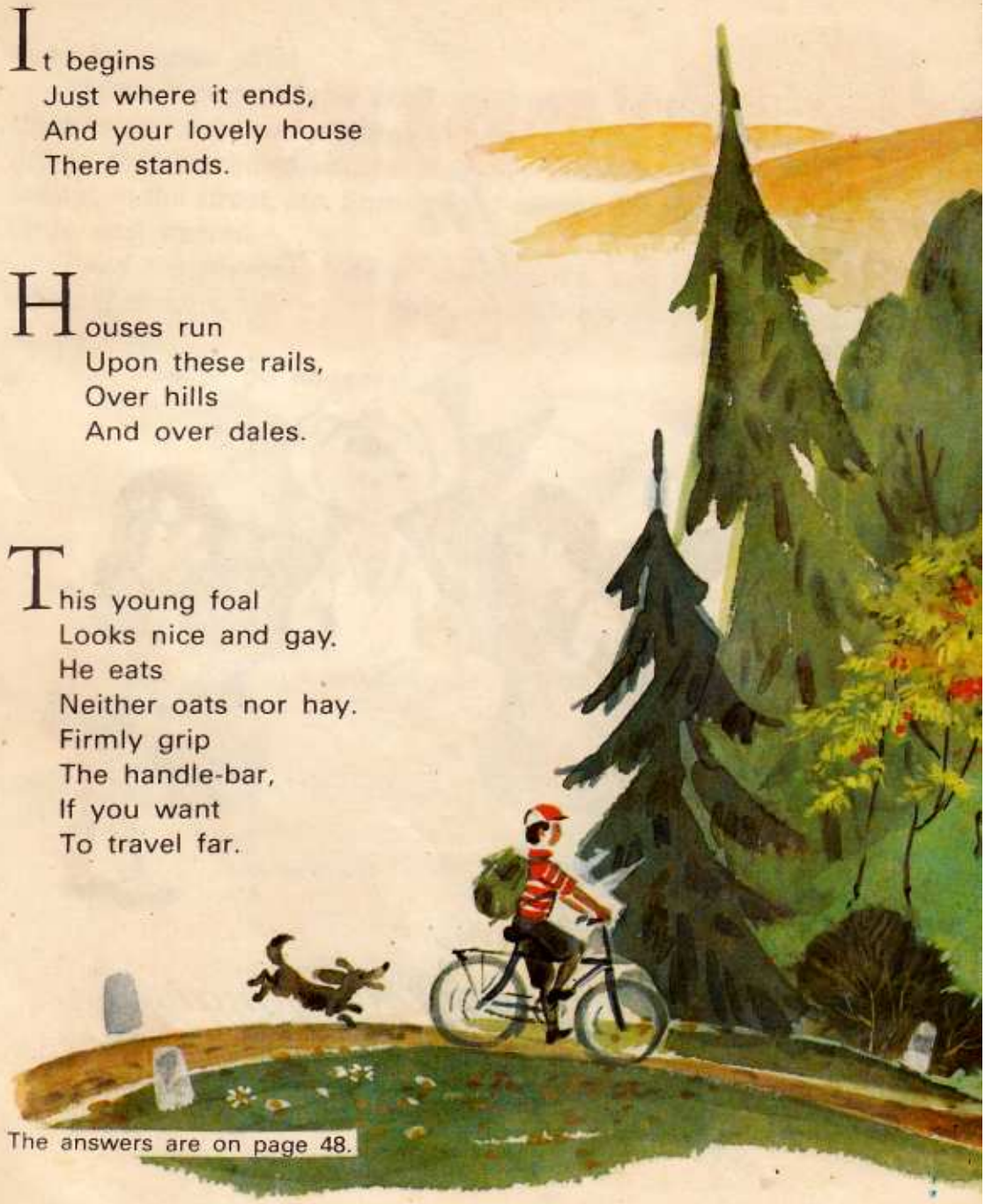
By Yuli Polyakov
Illustrated by Boris Rytman

Prosveshcheniye Publishers Moscow

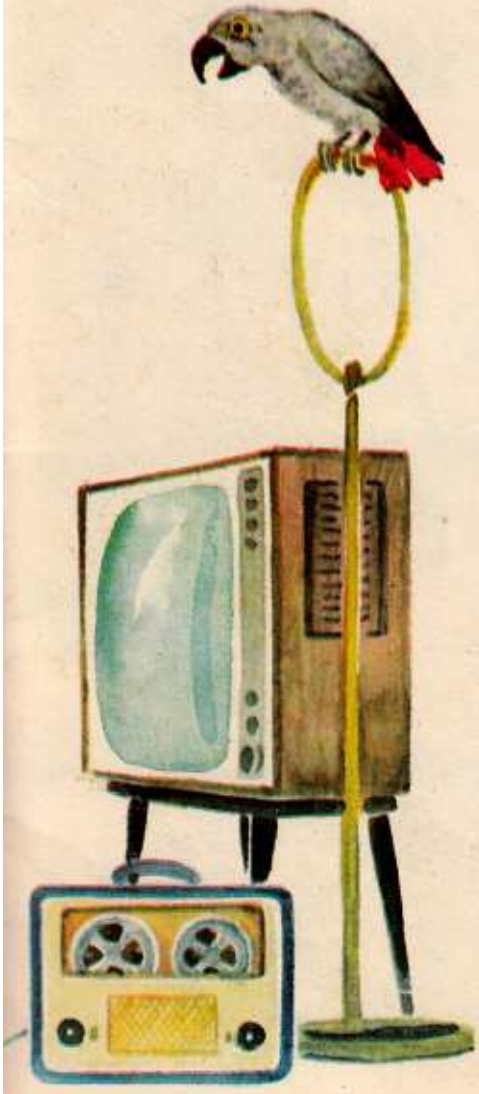
1 It begins
Just where it ends,
And your lovely house
There stands.

2 Houses run
Upon these rails,
Over hills
And over dales.

3 This young foal
Looks nice and gay.
He eats
Neither oats nor hay.
Firmly grip
The handle-bar,
If you want
To travel far.



The answers are on page 48.



This is a house
With one window in it, 4
Showing films
Nearly every minute.

It is running
Night and day, 5
But it never
Runs away.

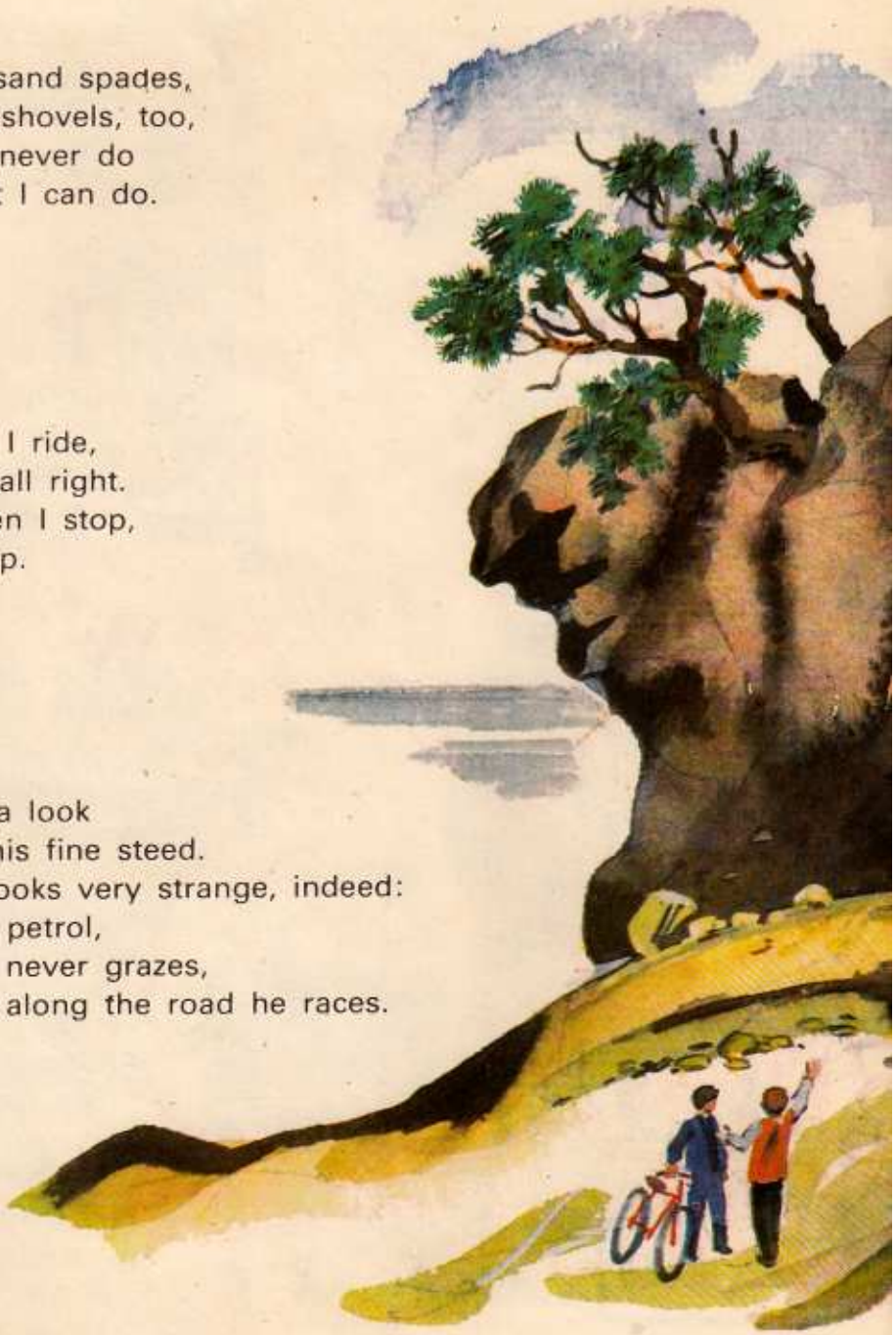
Without a tongue,
Without an ear, 6
I can speak,
And sing,
And hear.

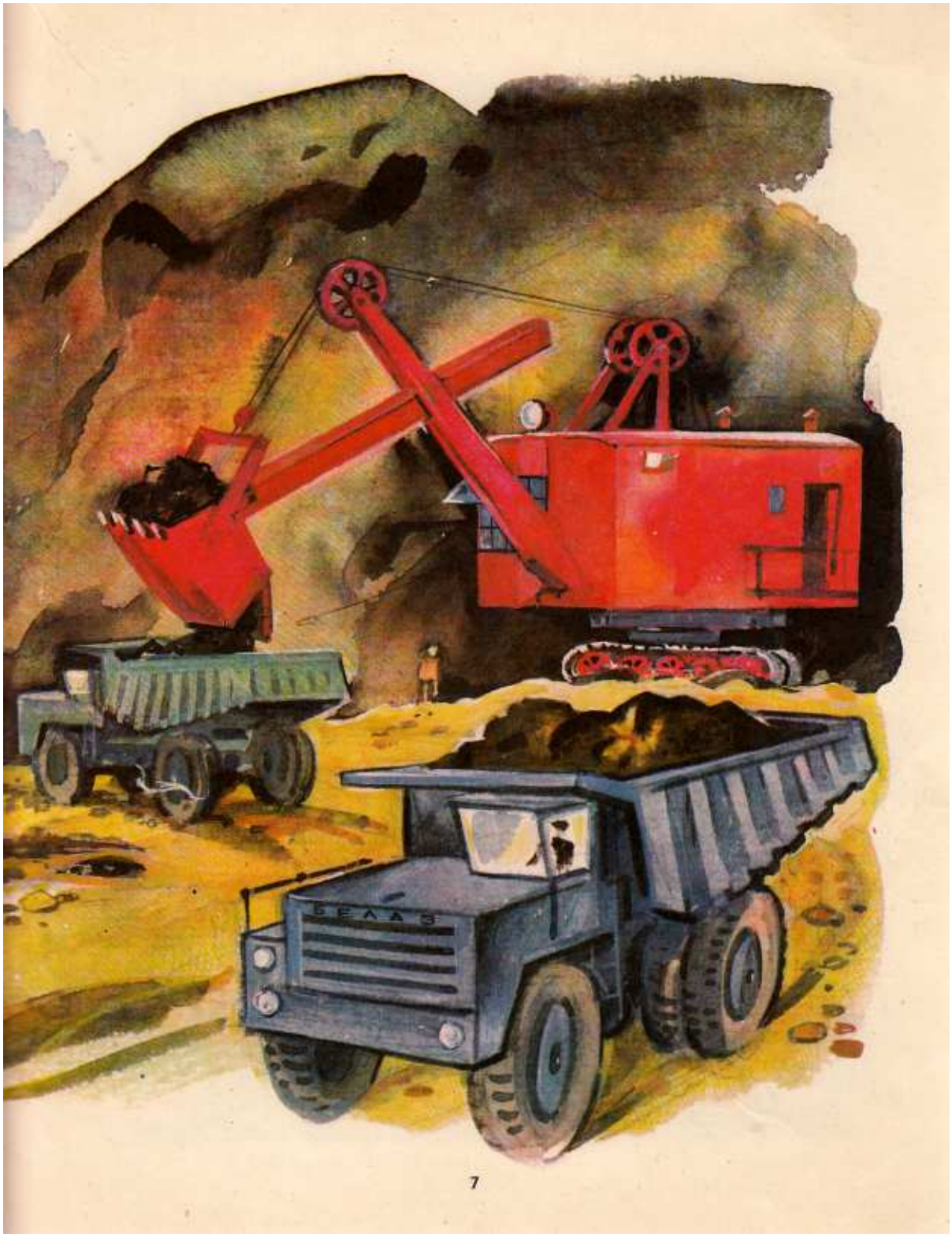
Over fields,
And woods, 7
And rivers
This voice carries
(Sometimes quivers).
It is carried
By wires
Day and night,
It never tires.

8 A thousand spades,
And shovels, too,
Can never do
What I can do.

9 When I ride,
I'm all right.
When I stop,
I flop.

10 Have a look
At this fine steed.
He looks very strange, indeed:
Eats petrol,
And never grazes,
Fast along the road he races.




БЕЛАЗ

11 I'll dial the proper number,
And
Soon hear the voice
Of my very best friend.

12 Two little golden horns
Are sitting on a cloud,
Floating slowly in the sky,
Looking very proud.

13 I have no legs,
But I can run.
I have no tongue,
But I tell everyone:
"Time to start work!"
"Time to go to bed!"
"Time to get up again,
You, sleepy-head!"

12
3
6
9

Seven kids on a ladder
Are happy and gay. 14
They are swinging their feet
They are singing away.

My hands and face
I never wash, 15
But, not a sloven,
I look posh!
Don't wash them:
I'll stop to chime,
And you'll never
Know the time.

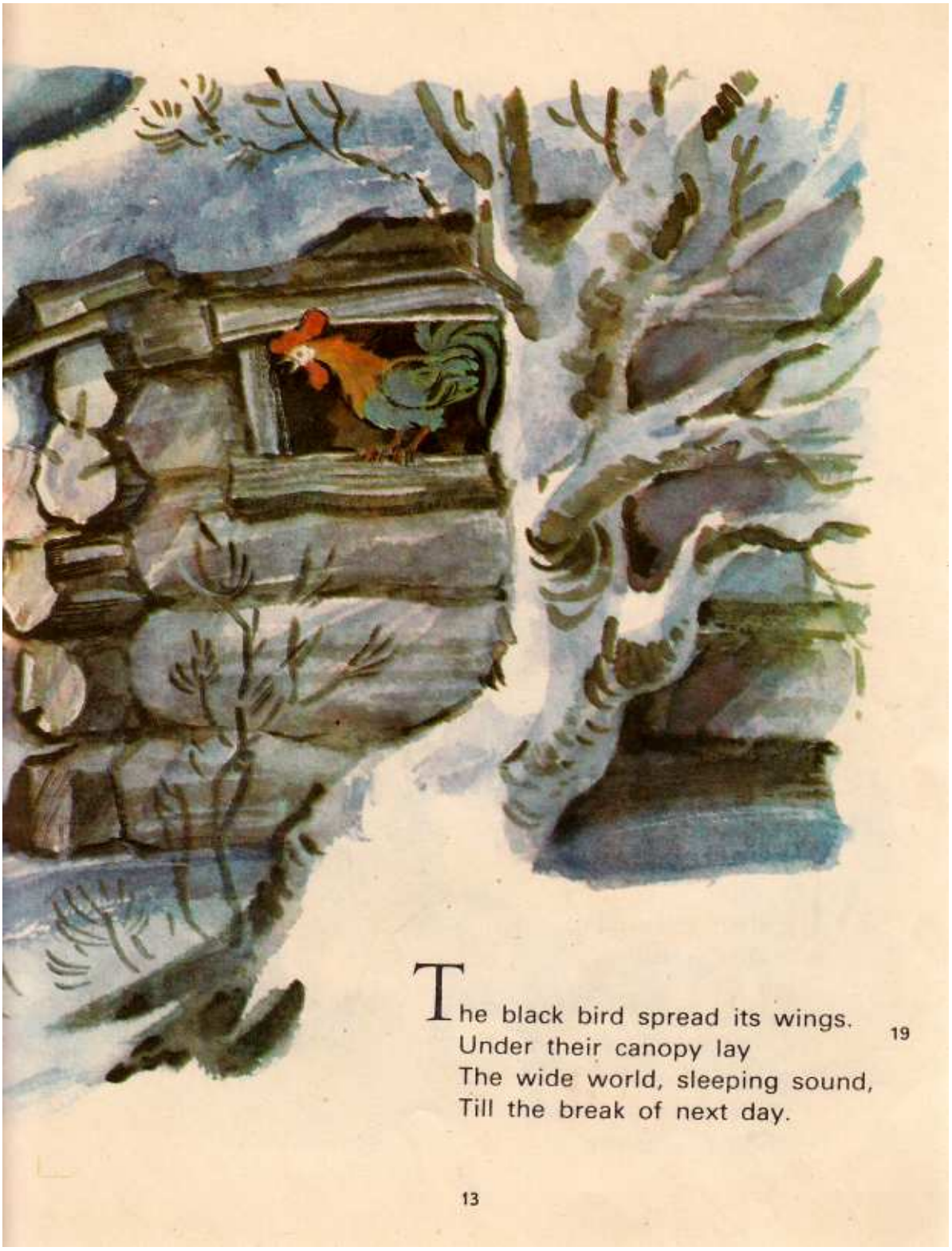
Each dot on this ladder
Looks like a bird. 16
They're all singing songs
That I've never heard.

17

My beautiful tail
Is bushy,
And the colour of it
Is red.
I hate the idea
Of it being worn
Round your neck
Or upon your head.

18

Early at dawn
He's the first to awake,
And a terrible sound
He's ready to make.
This shrill,
Alarming,
Deafening sound
Arouses from sleep
Everybody around.
In the distance
This sound dies away,
Ushering in
Another new day.

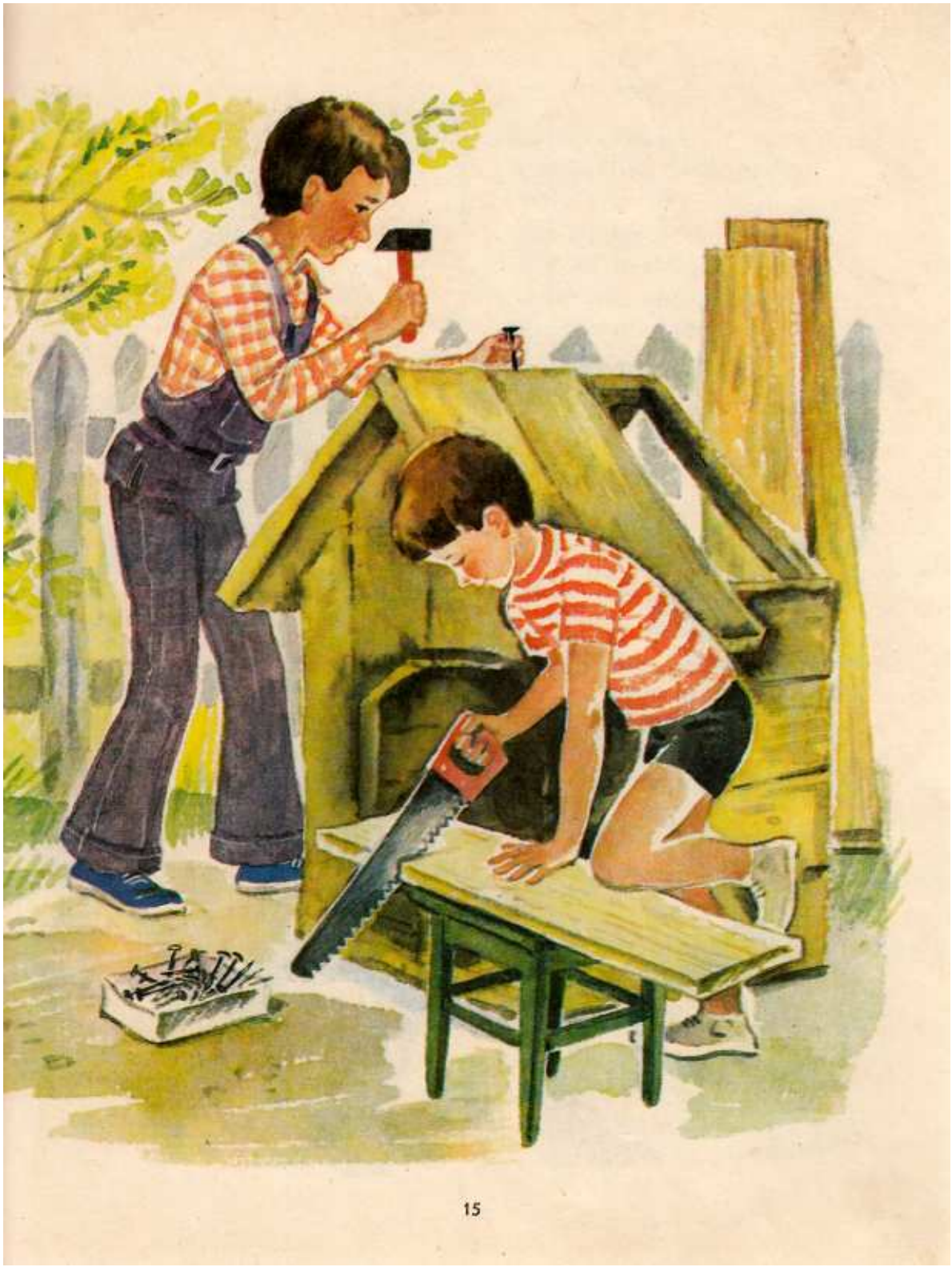


The black bird spread its wings. 19
Under their canopy lay
The wide world, sleeping sound,
Till the break of next day.

20 Brother Thin
And Brother Thick
Fasten things,
Both small and big.

21 He doesn't speak,
Nor does he sing,
Nor at the door-bell
Give a ring,
But still he lets
His master know
Who wants to see him,
Friend or foe.

22 My sharp steel teeth,
In any wood,
For cutting trees
Are very good.
So if you want
To fell a tree,
You'll have to make
Good use of me.

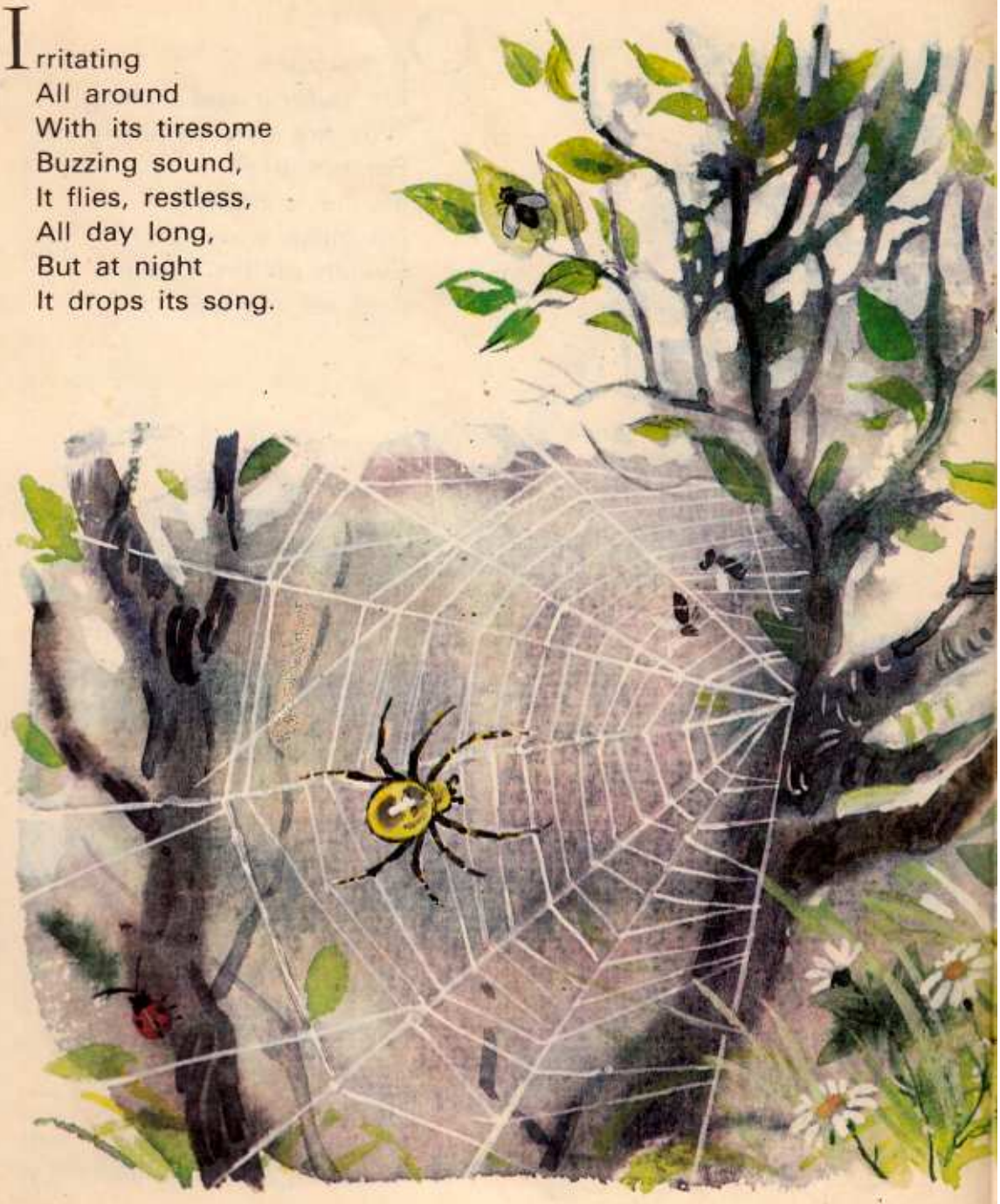


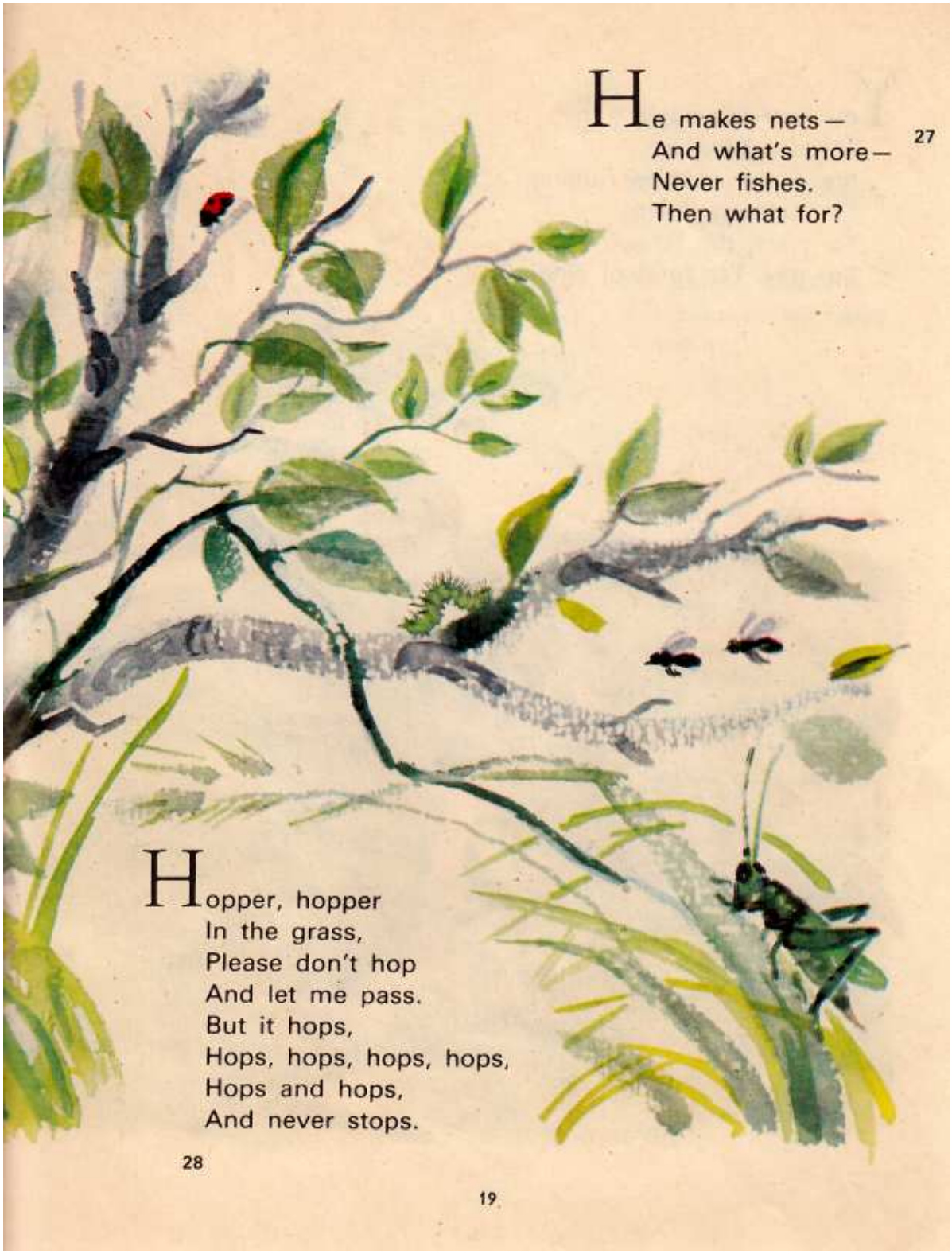
On the cooker
I'm puffing and puffing. 23
Why are they torturing me
For nothing?
My lid is tinkling.
Do make some tea!
Switch off the cooker,
And set me free.

In our kitchen,
All the year round, 24
Lives old Jack Frost,
All safe and sound.

If you want
To get rid of dust, 25
Then I'm surely
An absolute must.
From every corner
And every nook
I'll suck it out,
By hook or by crook.

26 Irritating
All around
With its tiresome
Buzzing sound,
It flies, restless,
All day long,
But at night
It drops its song.





He makes nets—
And what's more—
Never fishes.
Then what for?

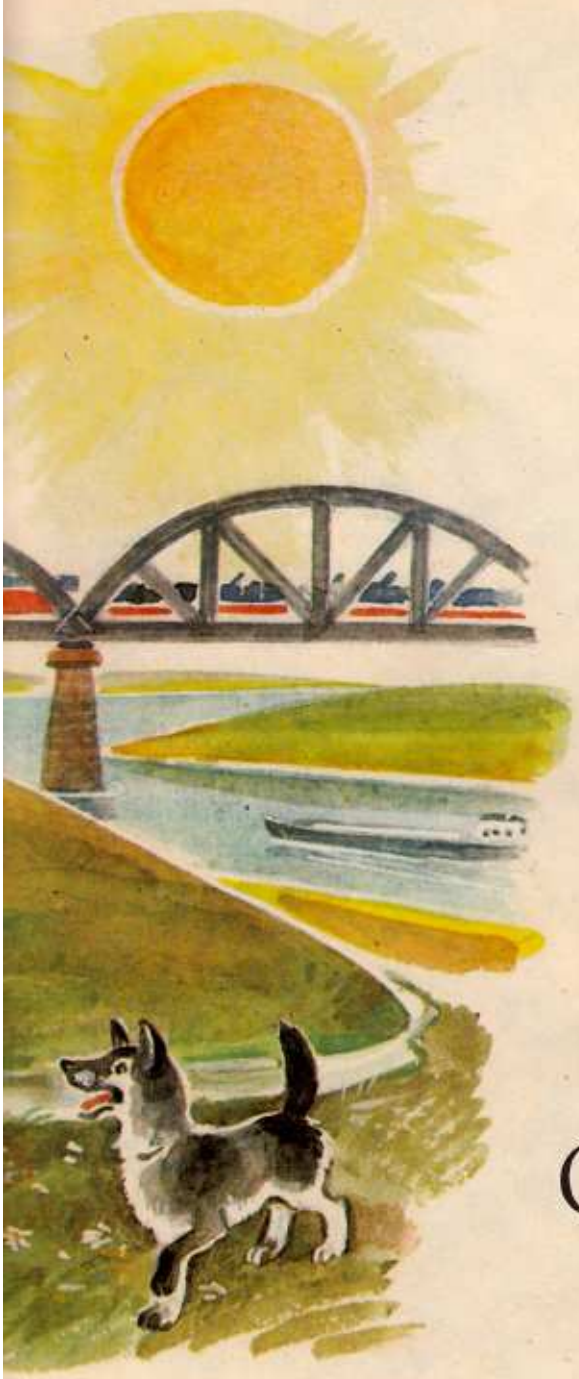
27

Hopper, hopper
In the grass,
Please don't hop
And let me pass.
But it hops,
Hops, hops, hops, hops,
Hops and hops,
And never stops.

28

29

You hear my song
From quite afar.
It's in the pebbles ringing.
I'm running down
To reach the lake.
I'm gay, I'm fond of singing.



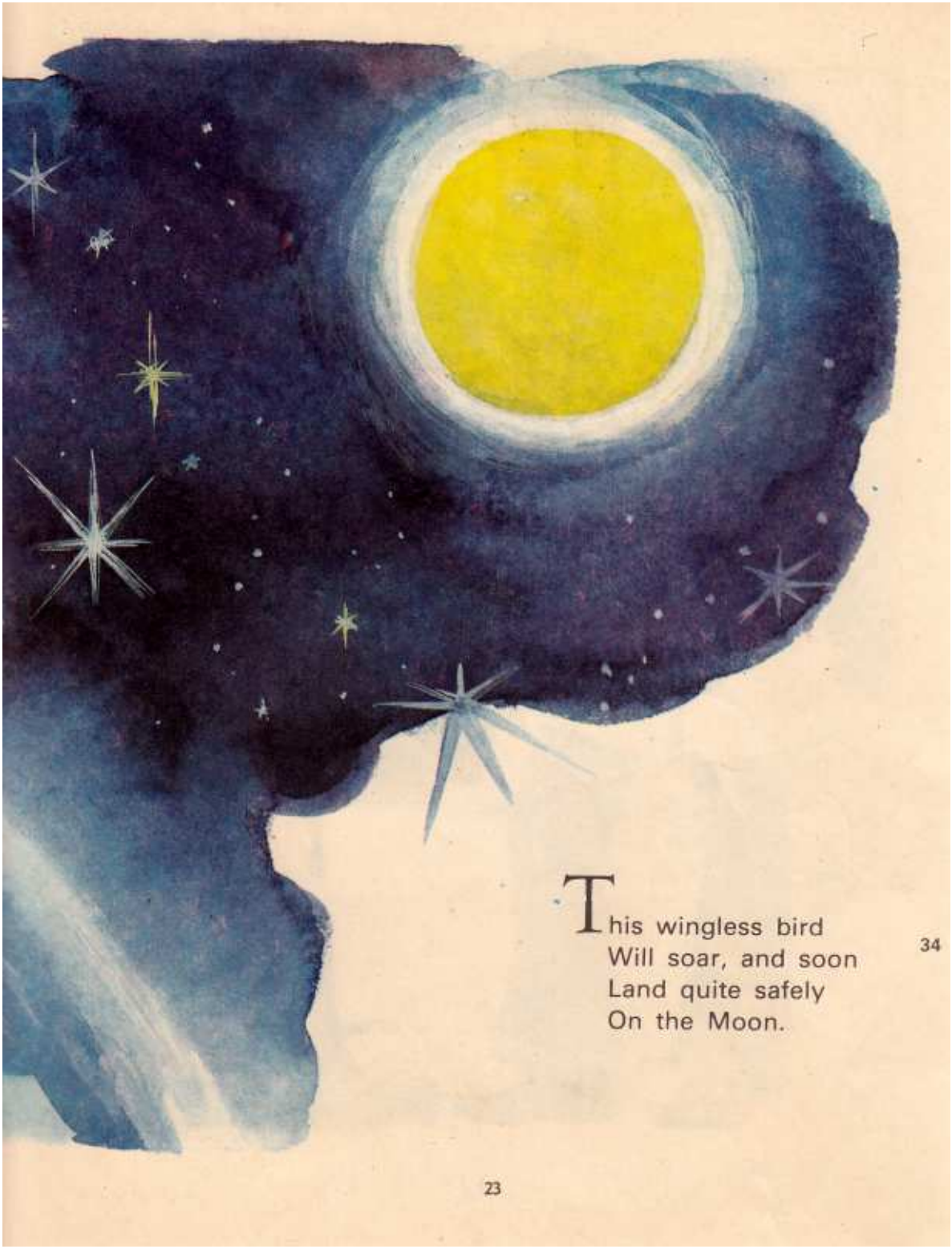
Brother Rod
And Brother Hook 30
Went for simpletons.
Just look:
Brother Hook,
All tough and firm,
Fastened to his nose
A worm.

It never bothers
To wake us up, 31
But in any weather
And any season,
We open our eyes,
Stretch and yawn, we rise
The moment we see
It is risen.

Of our deep river
It joins the two banks. 32
When it helped me cross it,
I said,
"Many thanks!"

33

I was a horn once,
A disk I'm now.
I know things do happen,
But I wonder—
How?



This wingless bird
Will soar, and soon
Land quite safely
On the Moon.

34

Never planted,
Still it grows.
What's the answer?
Now, who knows?

35

With two sharp blades,
Assisted by two rings,
I'm handy for cutting paper,
Fabric and other things.

36

My teeth are sharp,
But I don't bite,
And you make use of me
All right.
My humble duty's
Plain and fair—
To help you comb
Your lovely hair.

37

38 Who are these twins
That bridge a man's nose
Every morning?
Who of you knows?

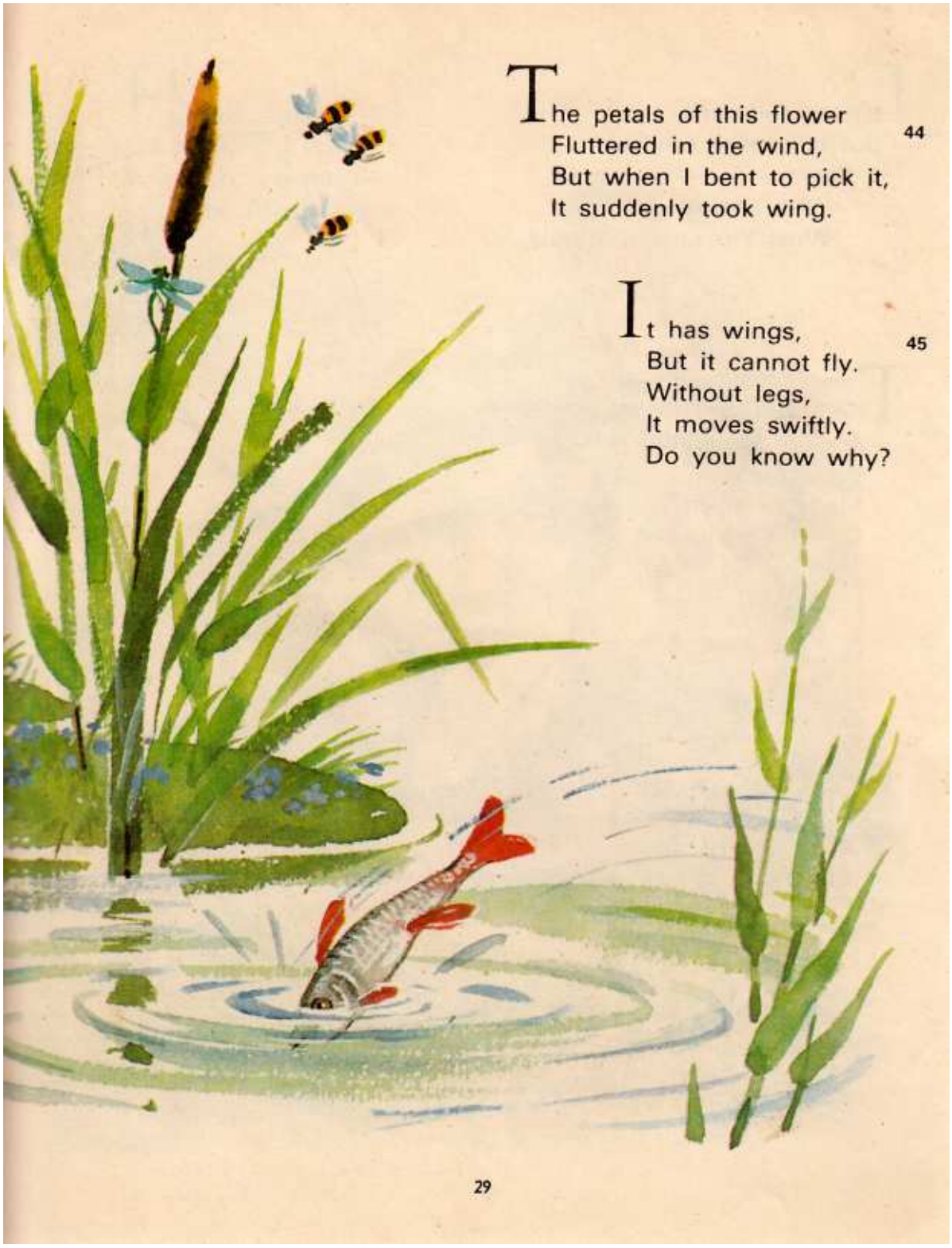
39 In a ball of glass
There lives this light.
It sleeps in the day-time
And works at night.

40 My leaves are white.
They never grow.
And everything
You want to know
Is stored in those
Black marks you see
On every leaf
You find in me.

41 Brother Left,
And Right,
His brother,
Hardly ever
See each other.
Mirrors
Is the only place
Where they're coming
Face to face.

42 Bandy legs
And Gape-a-grin,
I'm leaping
In the green.
Midges, gnats,
Don't try your fate!
Stay away
Each time I gape.

43 In the meadow
Rich in flowers
There it works
For hours and hours,
Buzzing songs.
It likes to sing.
Don't disturb it,
It may sting!



The petals of this flower 44
Fluttered in the wind,
But when I bent to pick it,
It suddenly took wing.

It has wings, 45
But it cannot fly.
Without legs,
It moves swiftly.
Do you know why?

46 It runs and runs,
But it'll never run out.
It flows.
Who knows
What I'm talking about?

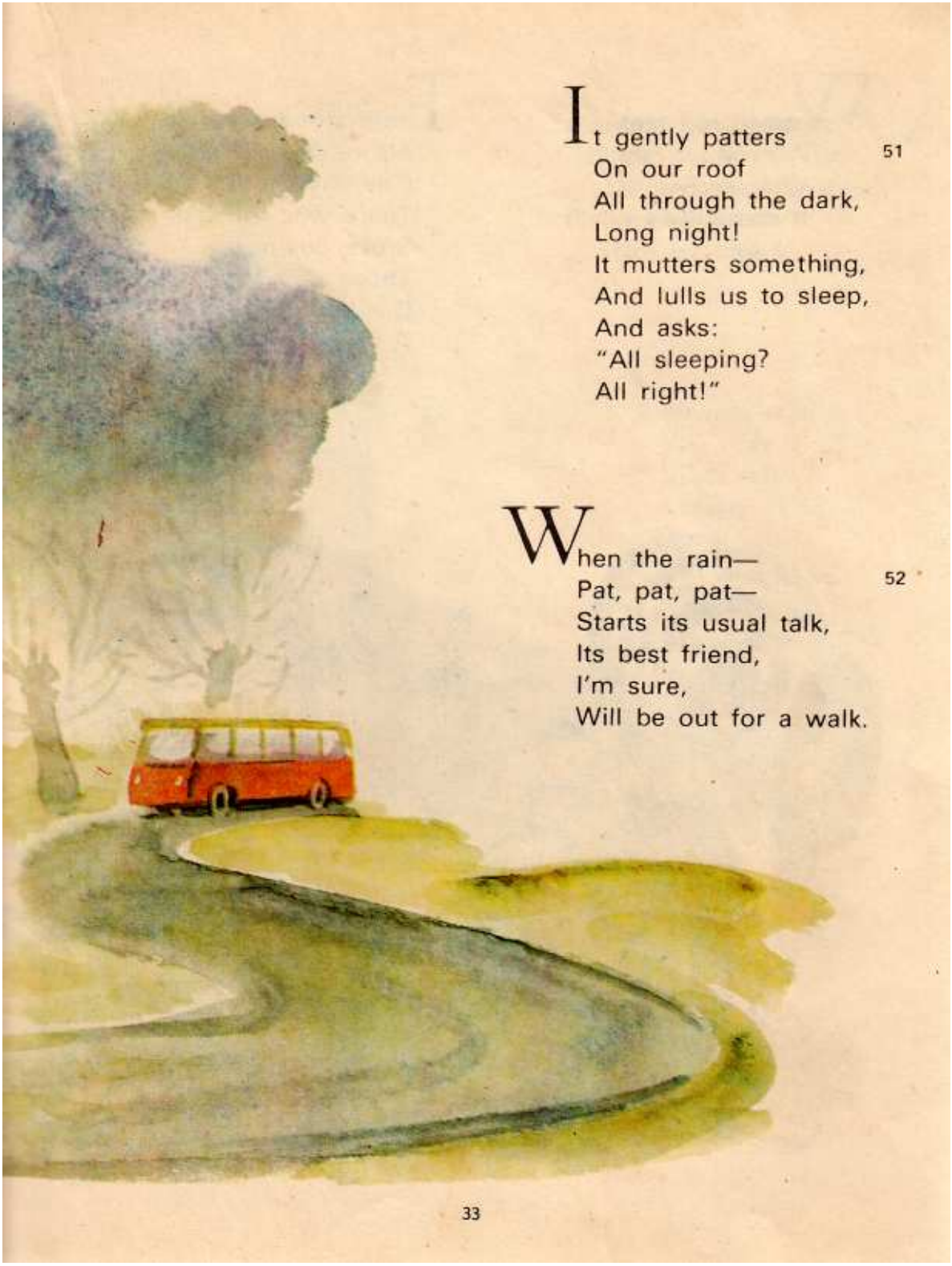
47 The father and the mother,
And all their little kids
Wear dresses
Made of silver coins
Or little silver lids.

48

Here's a rod,
Here's a line,
Here's a hook—
The fish is mine!

49 This house on wheels
Is running a race,
Taking people
From place to place.

50 This belt stretches,
Long and wide.
Walk along it,
Run, or ride
In a bus,
Or in a car.
(It's for you to choose
How far.)



It gently patters 51
On our roof
All through the dark,
Long night!
It mutters something,
And lulls us to sleep,
And asks:
"All sleeping?
All right!"

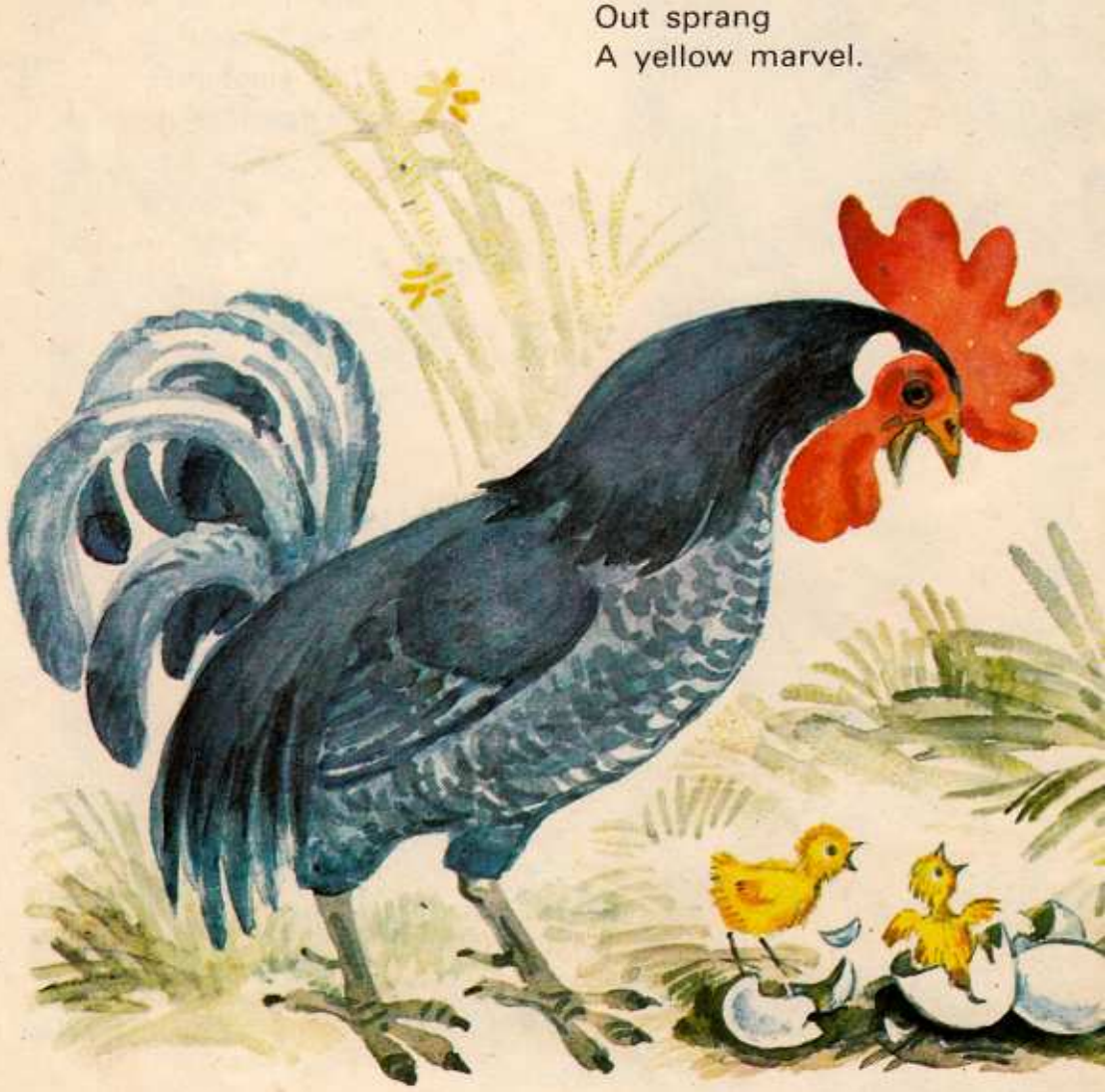
When the rain— 52
Pat, pat, pat—
Starts its usual talk,
Its best friend,
I'm sure,
Will be out for a walk.

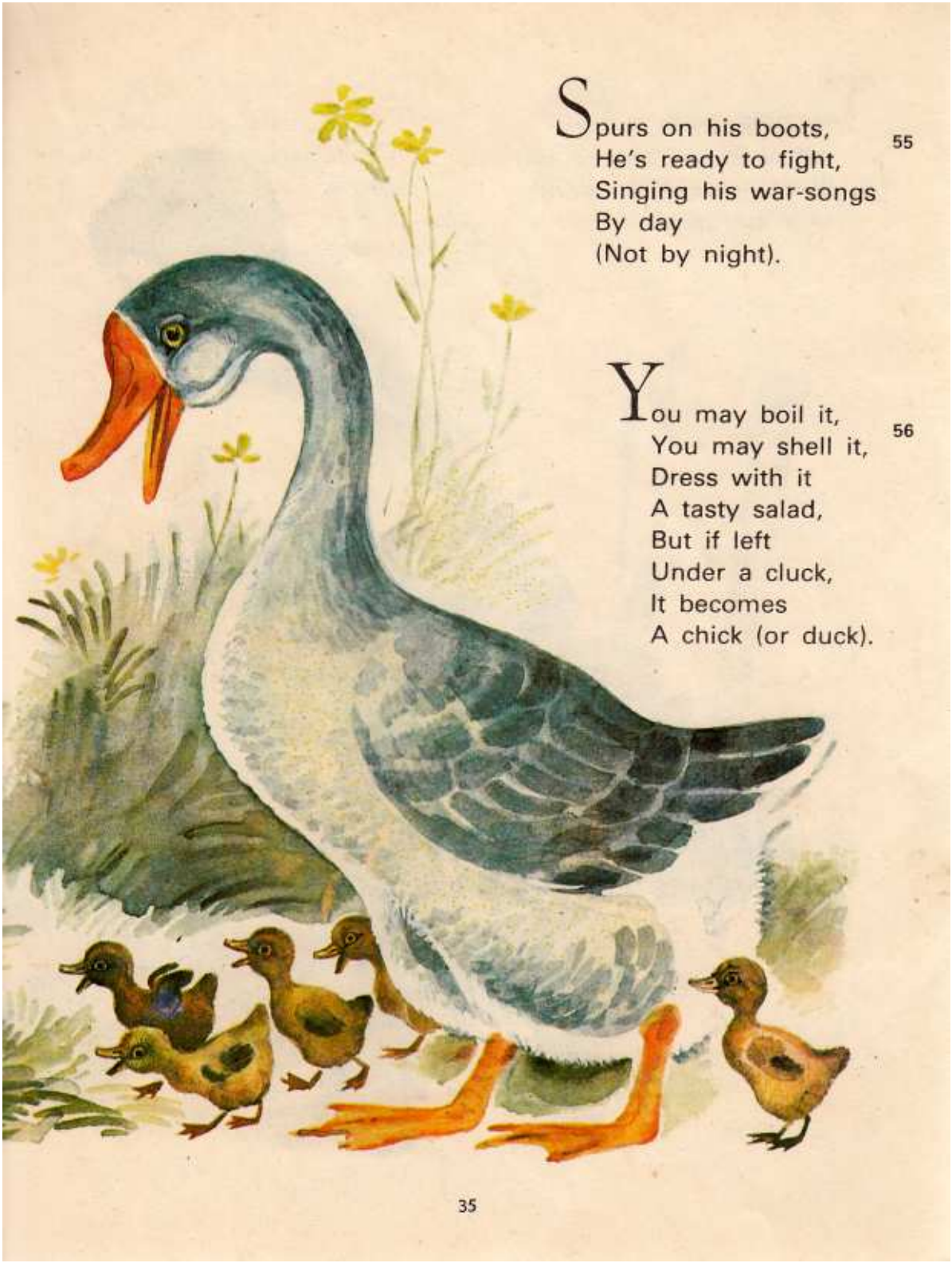
53

Webbed red feet,
A neck on hinges;
With its bill
It sometimes pinches.

54

There stood a house,
All marble-white.
One day
There was a knock inside.
Broke down
Those walls of marble,
Out sprang
A yellow marvel.





Spurs on his boots, 55
He's ready to fight,
Singing his war-songs
By day
(Not by night).

You may boil it, 56
You may shell it,
Dress with it
A tasty salad,
But if left
Under a cluck,
It becomes
A chick (or duck).

57 This little mark,
All so plump and round,
At the end of sentences
Is to be found.

58

A disgusting,
Unwanted guest
Stopped on a page
Of my notebook to rest.
The teacher saw him,
And so did the class.
I got a poor mark.
I deserve it, alas!

59

An old gentleman,
Bent with age,
Is asking questions
On every page.

МИР
PAIX
FRED
PAZ
FRIEDEN
PEACE
PAQE
POKOJ

Kiddies,
Standing in a row, 60
Tell us
Everything they know.

If you want
To draw a straight line, 61
Make use of me,
For this business is mine.

This coloured chalk
In a holder of wood 62
For drawing and writing
Is perfectly good.

63 It is hollow,
And it is round.
It produces
A rattling sound.
Sometimes it beats out
A loud tattoo.
I like, I enjoy it!
(I hope you do, too.)

64 Put four tyres
On her heels,
Which are round
For they are wheels.
Give her
Some petrol to drink:
It's a treat for her,
I think.

65 Has no legs,
But just for fun
It is always
On the run.

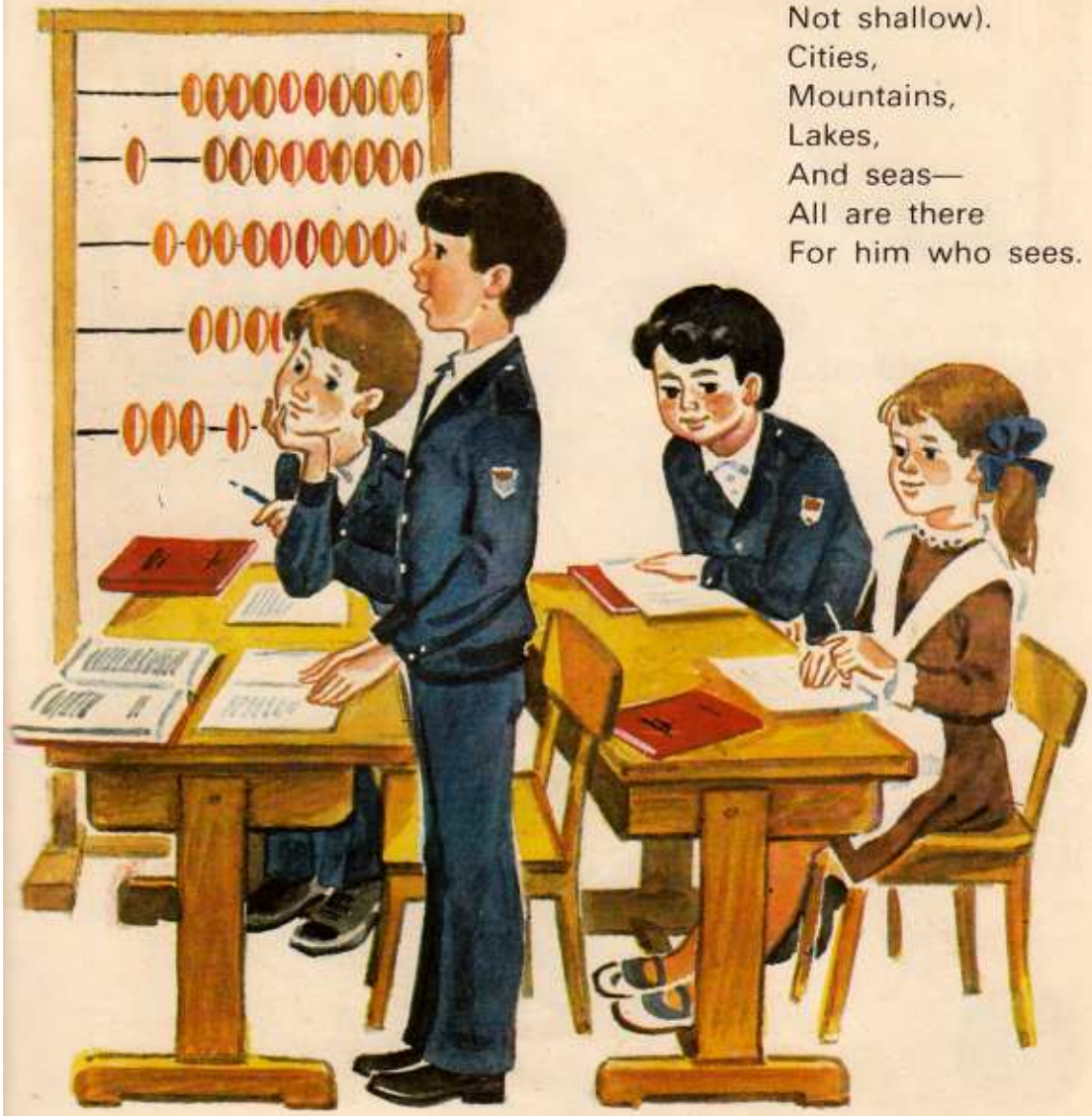
66 My face is black,
As black as night.
On it, with chalk,
All pupils write.
All right!
But it is a disgrace
When they forget
To wipe my face.

67

Ten tiny balls
On each wire mount.
They help little children
Learn to count.

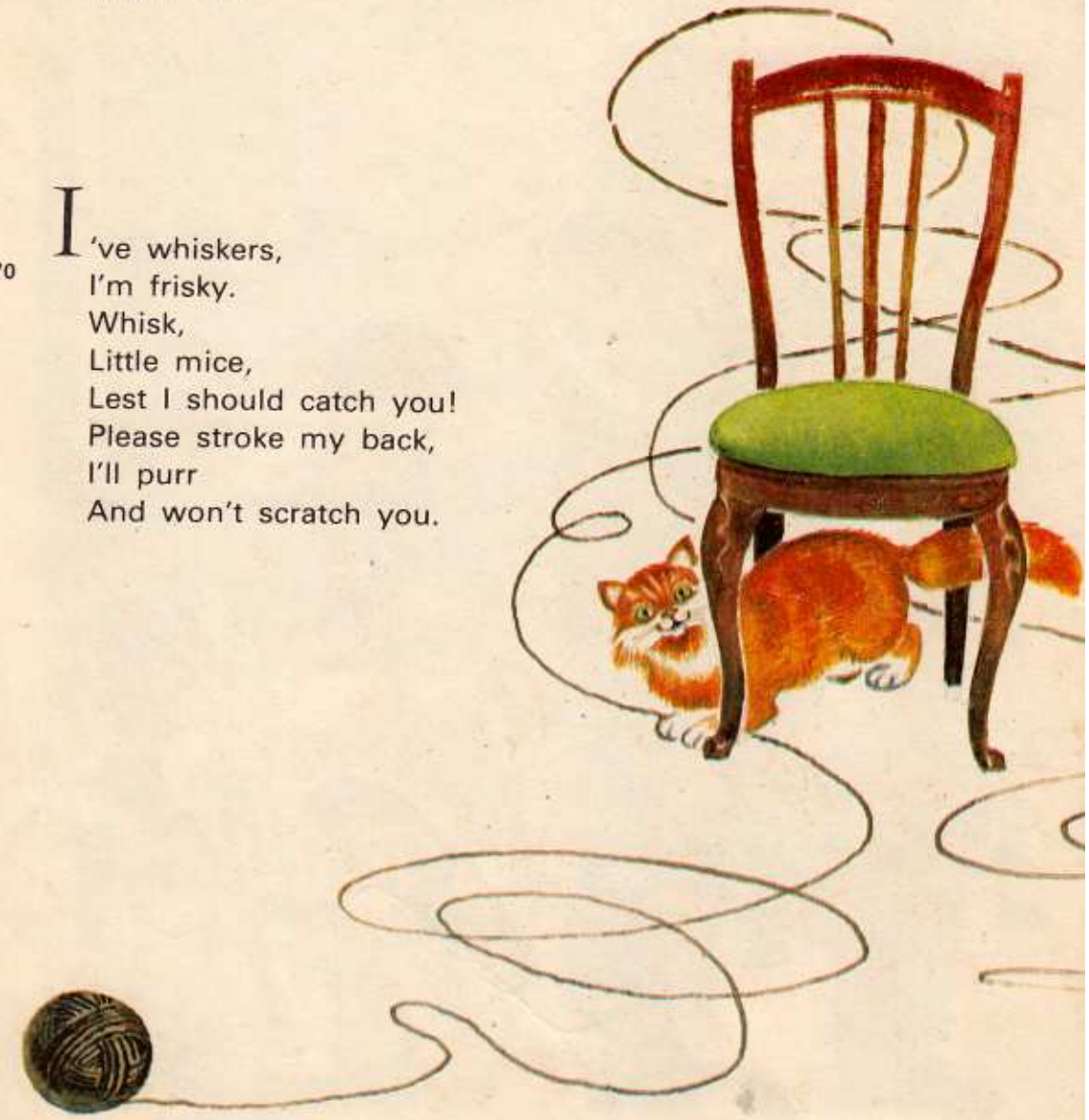
68

It is blue,
And green,
And yellow.
It shows rivers
(Deep,
Not shallow).
Cities,
Mountains,
Lakes,
And seas—
All are there
For him who sees.



69 Try to drag it
By its tail
And put it on your back.
You'll fail!

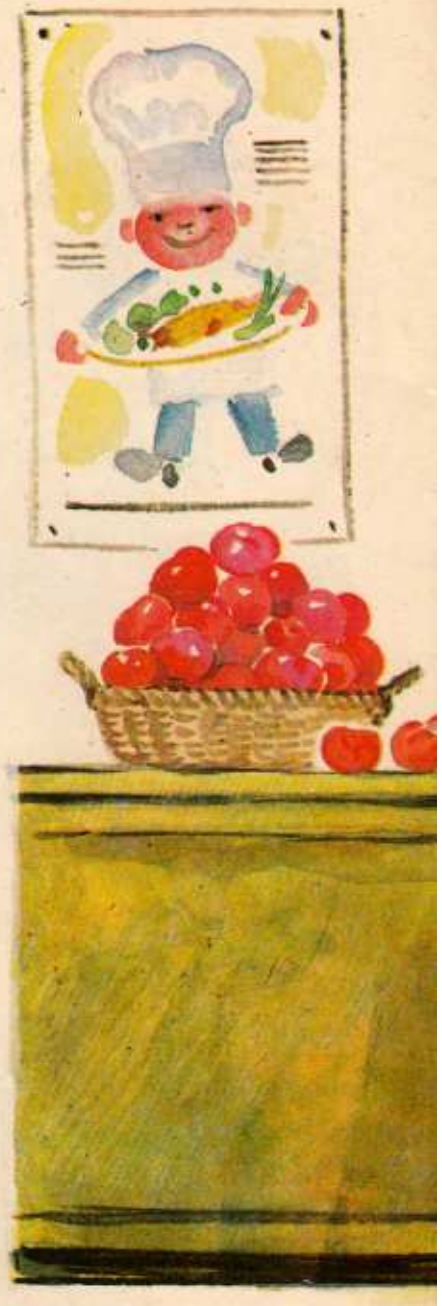
70 I've whiskers,
I'm frisky.
Whisk,
Little mice,
Lest I should catch you!
Please stroke my back,
I'll purr
And won't scratch you.



It has four legs,
Either straight
Or bandy.
Though it cannot walk,
It comes in quite handy.

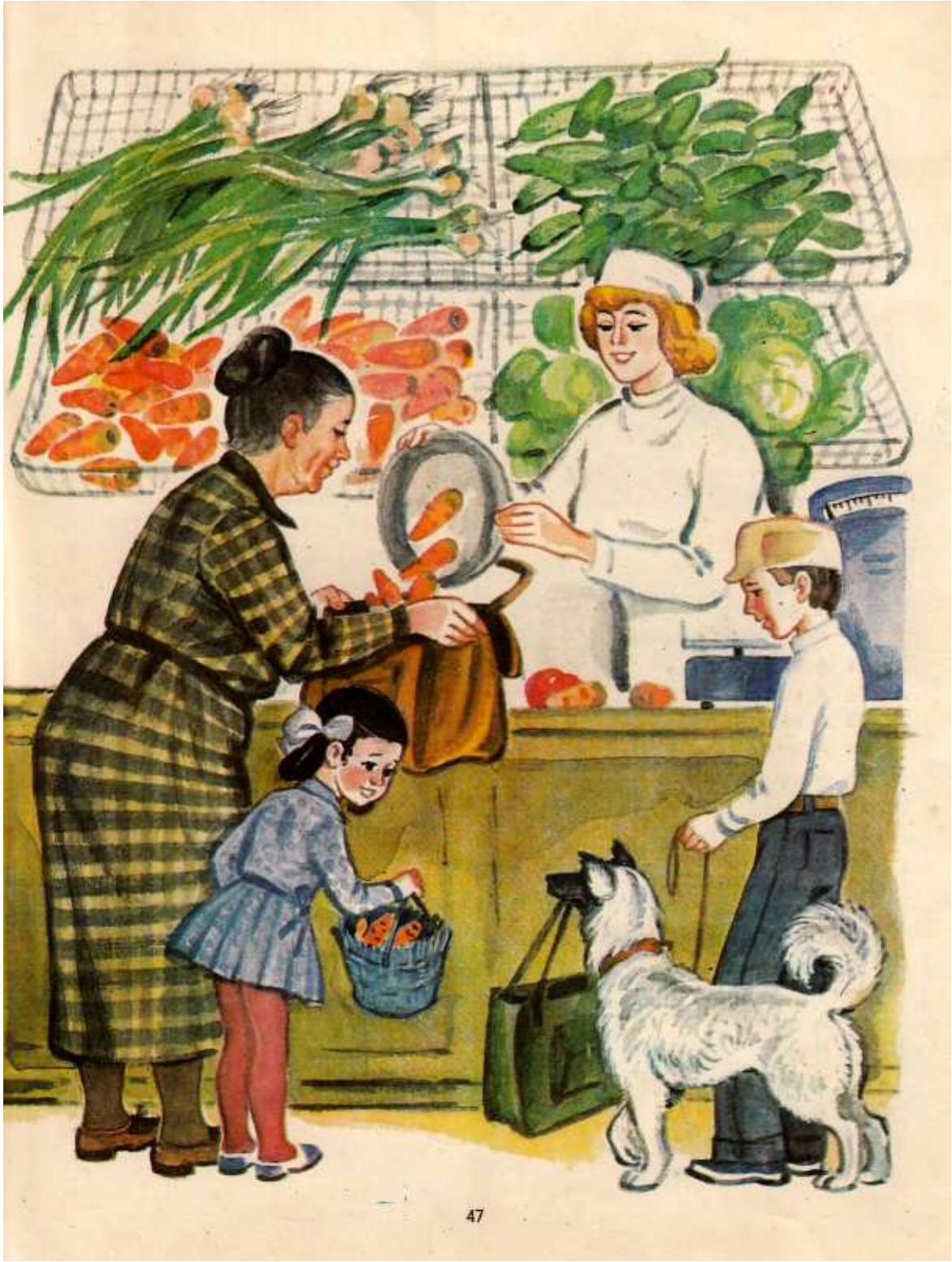
71

72 An old fellow has
A hundred coats on.
There he is,
In his bed,
Half-asleep.
If you risk
To take off
All his yellow coats,
You're certainly
Going to weep.



73 A young imp,
He wore green.
Now his age is mature.
He wears red.
And his conduct
Now's always demure.

74 This little red lady
Is hard to be found,
As only her green plait
Sticks out of the ground.



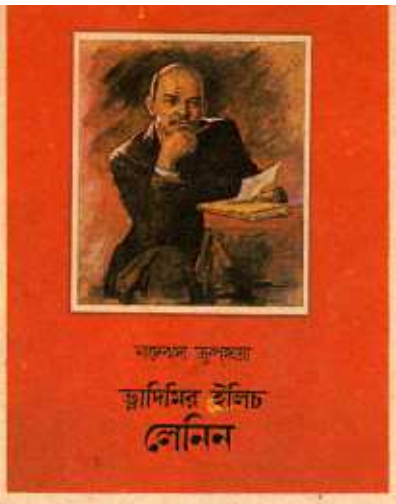
ANSWERS

1. A road.
2. A railway line and a train.
3. A bicycle.
4. A TV set.
5. A watch.
6. A tape-recorder.
7. A telephone.
8. An excavator.
9. A bicycle.
10. A motor-car.
11. A telephone.
12. A young Moon.
13. An alarm-clock.
14. The seven notes of the octave.
15. A clock.
16. Notes.
17. A fox.
18. A rooster.
19. Night.
20. A nail and a hammer.
21. A watchdog.
22. A saw.
23. A kettle.
24. A refrigerator.
25. A vacuum-cleaner.
26. A fly.
27. A spider.
28. A grasshopper.
29. A streamlet.
30. A fish-tackle.
31. The Sun.
32. A bridge.
33. The Moon.
34. A rocket.
35. Hair.
36. A pair of scissors.
37. A comb.
38. Spectacles.
39. An electric bulb.
40. A book.
41. Eyes.
42. A frog.
43. A bee.
44. A butterfly.
45. Because it is a fish.
46. A river.
47. Fish.
48. A fishing-rod, a line and a hook.
49. A bus.
50. A road.
51. Rain.
52. An umbrella.
53. A goose.
54. A chick.
55. A rooster.
56. An egg.
57. A full stop.
58. A blot.
59. A question-mark.
60. Letters.
61. A ruler.
62. A pencil.
63. A drum.
64. A motor-car.
65. A ball.
66. A blackboard.
67. An abacus.
68. A map.
69. A ball of string or wool.
70. A cat.
71. A chair.
72. An onion.
73. A tomato.
74. A carrot.

सित्वी व्यालयाल
युसिंके के
सात दोस्त

LEV TOLSTOI
STORIES
FOR
CHILDREN

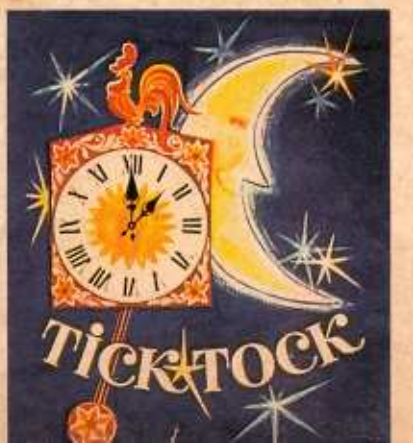
Yevgeny Permyak
THE FIRST FISH


ভ্লাদিমির ইলিচ
লেনিন

THE SUN'S WIND

பாப்பா
சித்திர
அரிச்சுவடி

বর্ণমালা


TICKTOCK

Fun with Numbers
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10